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of God, as was needful for so holy an undertaking, only thinking of the glory I was to gain myself. Thus my ambition benumbed my spirit, so that I could never delineate the plan with any clearness, and in my doubt and uncertainty I fell into the snare of the devil. And I have endured the penalty. From that moment I have not passed a peaceful hour." So he related how he watched at night by the spot, and continued, "I cannot longer bear the frightful burden, which is upon me. I would not confess myself to the holy fathers of Cologne, for they would be incensed to learn that the cathedral they glory in so much, is going on with the help of Satan. Therefore am I come to thee, holy father, for thy blessing on my undertaking, and I pray thee to tell me if it be not possible to alleviate my distresses." The master was silent, and bowed his head to the dust.

The holy hermit, after long considering, replied, "Thou hast greatly sinned, my son! The All-Powerful is also the All-Merciful, and will accept thy deep and earnest repentance, look pitifully upon thee, and revoke thy eternal condemnation—for this did he send his Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, that he might redeem mankind, and thou shalt be a partaker of that salvation. That thy restoration may be complete, go hence, and let the tablet with thy name be taken from its place; for since thou hast sinned through foolish vanity, thou must suffer the having thy name forgotten, and no longer known upon the earth. Since, moreover, thy work was not commenced with God's help, it shall never be completed, for where the Lord is not, there can be no prospering."

The master arose at these words, and an expression of great pain lay upon his countenance. Was then a life spent in the building of his cathedral to have no after-remembrance? The holy hermit urged him to do as he had advised, and find his consolation in the thoughts of eternal rest. Then receiving the father's blessing, the master turned towards Cologne with a lighter heart.

VII.

THE MASTER'S NAME.

There were many strange rumors flying about in the city of Cologne. The people told with great wonder how the master took the brazen tablet, that bore his name, from its place in the column, and caused the cavity to be filled up. They related how the master, since that time, was become very much changed. Those who had noticed him before for his restless nature and wild look, now regarded him with compassion, for they could read the traces of a deep sorrow upon his face, though the sombre earnestness of his brow had become much milder. The people also wondered that he did not so much as formerly spend his time about the building, but sought more diligently the church, and coming still more seldom, at last they quite forgot him. One day it was announced that the master was dead and had been buried in private. He had ordered it upon his death-bed, and that no one should accompany his body, nor any one know where he was entombed.

All happened as Pater Aloysius had said. Continued interruptions soon occurred in the work of building, arising out of the disputes between the city and the archbishops, and it was soon remarked, there must be an evil cause for it all. After the year 1499, the work of construction was not renewed, and it remains to the present day imperfect.

The master's name, however, is forgotten. And when any one now standing before its gigantic shape, wonders at the boldness and sublimity of the undertaking, so marvellous and uncompleted, and asks the name of the architect—there is no one to tell him. He can find it in no book, no remembrance has stored it away, from generation to generation, there is no record of him—he is forgotten.

ROMAN RENAISSANCE.

PRIDE OF SYSTEM.

From Stones of Venice.

I MIGHT have illustrated these evil principles from a thousand other sources, but I have not time to pursue the subject farther, and must pass to the third element above named, the Pride of System. It need not detain us as long as either of the others, for it is at once more palpable and less dangerous. The manner in which the pride of the fifteenth century corrupted the sources of knowledge, and diminished the majesty, while it multiplied the trappings, of state, is in general little observed; but the reader is, probably, already well and sufficiently aware of the curious tendency to formalization and system which, under the name of philosophy, encumbered the minds of the Renaissance schoolmen. As it was above stated, grammar became the first of sciences; and whatever subject had to be treated, the first aim of the philosopher was to subject its principles to a code of laws, in the observation of which, the merit of the speaker, thinker, or worker, in or on that subject, was thereafter to consist; so that the whole mind of the world was occupied by the exclusive study of Restraints. The sound of the forging of fetters was heard from sea to sea. The doctors of all the arts and sciences set themselves daily to the invention of new varieties of cages and manacles; they themselves wore, instead of gowns, a chain mail, whose purpose was not so much to avert the weapon of the adversary as to restrain the motion of the wearer; and all the acts, thoughts, and workings of mankind—poetry, painting, architecture, and philosophy—were reduced by them merely to so many different forms of fetter-dance.

Now, I am very sure that no reader who has given any attention to the former portions of this work, or the tendency of what else I have written, more especially in the last chapter of the "Seven Lamps," will suppose me to underrate the importance, or dispute the authority, of law. It has been necessary for me to allege these again and again, nor can they ever be too often or too energetically alleged, against the vast masses of men who now disturb or retard the advance of civilization; heady and high-minded despisers of discipline, and refusers of correction. But law, so far as it can be reduced to form and sys-

tem, and is not written upon the heart—as it is, in a Divine loyalty, upon the hearts of the great hierarchies who serve and wait about the throne of the Eternal Law-giver—this lower and formally expressible law, has, I say, two objects. It is either for the definition and restraint of sin, or for the guidance of simplicity; it either explains, forbids, and punishes wickedness, or it guides the movements and actions both of lifeless things, and of the more simple and untaught among responsible agents. And so long, therefore, as sin and foolishness are in the world, so long it will be necessary for men to submit themselves painfully to this lower law, in proportion to their need of being corrected, and to the degree of childishness or simplicity, by which they approach more nearly to the condition of unthinking and inanimate things which are governed by law altogether; yet yielding, in the manner of their submission to it, a singular lesson to the pride of man—being obedient more perfectly in proportion to their greatness. But, so far as men become good and wise, and rise above the state of children, so far they become emancipated from this written law, and invested with the perfect freedom, which consists in the fullness and joyfulness of compliance with a higher and unwritten law; a law so universal, so subtle, so glorious, that nothing but the heart can keep it.

Now pride opposes itself to the observance of this Divine law in two opposite ways; either by brute resistance, which is the way of the rabble and its leaders, denying or defying law altogether; or by formal compliance, which is the way of the Pharisee, exalting himself while he pretends to obedience, and making void the infinite and spiritual commandment, by the finite and lettered commandment. And it is easy to know which law we are obeying: for any law which we magnify, and keep through pride, is always the law of the letter; but that which we love and keep through humility, is the law of the Spirit: And the letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life.

In the appliance of this universal principle to what we have at present in hand, it is to be noted, that all written or writable law respecting the arts, is for the childish and ignorant; that in the beginning of teaching it is possible to say that this or that must or must not be done; and the laws of color and shade may be taught, as the laws of harmony are to the young scholar in music. But the moment a man begins to be anything deserving the name of an artist, all this teachable matter has become a matter of course with him; and if, thenceforth, he boast himself anywhere in the law, or pretends that he works and lives by it, it is a sure sign that he is merely tithing cummin, and that there is no true art nor religion in him. For the true artist has that inspiration in him which is above all law, or rather, which is continually working out such magnificent and perfect obedience to supreme law, as can in no wise be rendered by line and rule. There are more laws perceived and fulfilled in the single stroke of a great workman, than could be written in a volume. His science is inexpressibly subtle, directly taught him by his Maker, not in anywise communicable or imitable. Neither can any written or

definitely observable laws enable us to do any great thing. It is possible, by measuring and administering quantities of color, to paint a room wall so that it shall not hurt the eye; but there are no laws by observing which we can become Titans. It is possible so to measure and administer syllables, as to construct harmonious verse; but there are no laws by which we can write Iliads. Out of the poem or the picture, once produced, men may elicit laws by the volume, and study them with advantage, to the better understanding of the existing poem or picture; but no more write or paint another, than by discovering laws of vegetation, they can make a tree to grow. And therefore, wherever we find the system of formality and rules much dwelt upon, and spoken of as anything else than a help for children, there we may be sure that noble art is not even understood, much less reached. And thus it was with all the common and public mind in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The greater men, indeed, broke through the thorn hedges; and, though much time was lost by the learned among them, in writing Latin verses and anagrams, and arranging the frame-work of quaint sonnets and dextrous syllogisms, still they tore their way through the sapless thicket by force of intellect or piety; for it was not possible that even in literature or in painting, rules could be received by any strong mind, so as materially to interfere with its originality; and the crabbed discipline and exact scholarship became an advantage to the men who could pass through and despise them; so that in spite of the rules of the drama, we had Shakespeare, and in spite of the rules of Art, we had Titoret,—both of them to this day doing perpetual violence to the vulgar scholarship and dimmed properties of the multitude.

But in architecture it was not so; for that was the art of the multitude, and was affected by all their errors; and the great men who entered its field like Michael Angelo, found expression for all the best part of their minds in sculpture, and made the architecture merely its shell. So the simpletons and sophists had their way with it, and the reader can have no conception of the inanities and puerilities of the writers who, with the help of Vitruvius, re-established its "five orders," determined the proportions of each, and gave the various recipes for sublimity and beauty, which have been thenceforward followed to this day, but which may, I believe, in this age of perfect machinery, be followed out still farther. If, indeed, there are only five perfect forms of columns and architraves, and there be a fixed proportion to each, it is certainly possible, with a little ingenuity, so to regulate a stone-cutting machine, as that it shall furnish pillars and pieces to the size ordered, of any of the five orders, on the most perfect Greek models, in any quantity; an epitome, also, of Vitruvius, may be made so simple, as to enable any bricklayer to set them up at their proper distances, and we may dispense with our architects altogether.

But if this be not so, and there be any truth in the faint persuasion which still lurks in men's minds, that architecture is an art, and that it requires some gleam of intellect to practise it, then let the whole system of the orders and their proportions

be cast out and trampled down as the most vain, barbarous, and paltry deception that was ever stamped on human prejudice; and let us understand this plain truth, common to all work of man, that, if it be good work, it is not a copy, nor anything done by rule, but a freshly and divinely-imagined thing. Five orders! There is not a side chapel in any Gothic cathedral, but has fifty orders, the worst of them better than the best of Greek ones, and all new; and a single inventive human soul could create a thousand orders in an hour.* And this would have been discovered even in the worst times, but that, as I said, the greatest men of the age, found expression for their invention in other arts, and the best of those who devoted themselves to architecture were in great part occupied in adapting the construction of buildings to new necessities, such as those developed by the invention of gunpowder (introducing a totally new and most interesting science of fortification, which directed the ingenuity of Sanmicheli and many others from its proper channel), and found interest of a meaner kind in the difficulties of reconciling the obsolete architectural laws they had consented to revive, and the forms of Roman architecture which they agreed to copy, with the requirements of the daily life of the sixteenth century.

CORREGGIO:

A Tragedy by

ADAM OEHLenschläGER.

*Translated by Theodore Martin.**(Continued.)*

ACT THE FIFTH.

A wood; in the back-ground Silvestro's hut. A large, gnarled oak near the hut, fitted up as a chapel; the picture of the Magdalen, in a frame, suspended on the tree. Little stone steps lead up to the tree, the hollow and branches of which are cut out and interwoven so as to form a circular temple. In the foreground, large plane trees, and to the right, a fountain bubbling from a mound of earth and stones, and winding away in a rivulet through the wood.

VALENTINO.

(An aged bandit, very large and stalwart, with a swarthy brown visage; his hair caught up in a green net, over which he wears a broad round hat; a pair of pistols in his belt, a sword by his side, a carbine on his shoulder. He sits rummaging beside the fountain.)

How all things change with time; and with them, too,
Changes the way we look at,—think of them! Some thirty years ago I ranged the woods,
And hated this proud world ferociously.
Then did the shadow of these boughs beguette
A thirst for blood within me. If I chanced
Upon a hollow tree, I viewed it, then.
But as an ambuscade and tower of strength,
To make my swoop from on the traveller.—
The flowers grew no better in my eyes
Than rank weeds, good but to be trodden down.
I ne'er felt happier, or more content,
Than after massacre and plunder; then
I revell'd in my cavern with my band,
And felt myself a Pluto, kin to Jove,

* That is to say, orders separated by such distinctions as the old Greek ones; considered with reference to the bearing power of their capital, all orders may be referred to two, as long ago stated; just as trees may be referred to the two great classes, monocotyledonous and dicotyledonous.

A mighty king of the grim nether world.
All this is alter'd now, as age comes on.
My flesh creeps coldly now in this dark cave,
As though its shadows said, Soon shalt thou rest

In darkness evermore! Enjoy the light,
The little space it yet is left to thee.
I have no pleasure now in shedding blood,
And never do, unless in sudden wrath,
Or as a piece of needful policy.
'The Aged Valentino!' 'Tis a name
Brings vivid fear to every lip that speaks it.
The women stop the squalling of their brats
In nurseries with it, and in the very court
The haughty judge is silent when he hears it,
Grows pale, and drops his pen in trembling fear.

I am a deal more dreaded than the devil.
Nor do I find my strength has fail'd me yet;
But, out! alas! I want the pluck I had.
What can the reason be? I cannot tell!
For, though I be a bandit and a murderer,
I never ceased, because of this, to be
A good, sound Christian too. The one is quite
Consistent with the other. True it is,
That in my life I've not been over nice,
That I have scored full many a pate across,
Silt a few throats, dishonour'd wives and maids,
And help'd myself to money and such like;
But yet no man shall say of me, that I
Have let one day go by, I have not said
At least three paternosters; I, besides,
Have gone with punctuality to mass,
And purchased absolution for myself,
As well for sins gone by as sins to come.
This being so, why, any man would think
I should be sure to travel post to heaven,
Now, in my failing years; and yet my fear
More slow than any veturino carrows
Along the upward road. At unawares
Will an avenging angel, fiery-eyed,
Start from the thicket, mark me with a gun,
Wrest from me all my little sum of hope,
And hurl me down, like Lucifer of old,
Deep through the earth into the pit of hell.

Enter SILVESTRO from the hut; he kneels before the picture of the Magdalen; and repeats his evening prayer.

There is the eremite, the old Silvestro.
A feeble man, pale, haggard in the face:
Yet does his eye look strong and full of light.
My cheek is brown and vigorous as autumn,
But when my eye is mirror'd in the brook,
Methinks 'tis full of trouble, wan as Saturn,
And trembling cold with an uncertain light.
So killing is one solitary thought,
So full of balm are confidence and hope.

SILVESTRO

(rises, and advances towards him.)

The Lord be with you, friend!

VALENTINO.

Thanks for your wish!

Do you know me, holy father?

SILVESTRO.

Yes, you are

A huntsman.

VALENTINO.

Ay, a rifleman!

SILVESTRO.

And so

We both are anchorites.

VALENTINO.

And greybeards both!

SILVESTRO.

And both awary of the world.

VALENTINO.

It seems so!

SILVESTRO.

And therefore both of us direct our eyes
Away from earth to God's eternity.